

# There's Nothing That I Haven't Sung About

Bing Crosby

I've sung about the birds and bees  
The daffydown dillies and the shady trees  
I've covered mother nature inside out.  
There's the old ox road, the old millstream  
Pennies from heaven and darn that dream  
Nothin that I haven't sung about.

I've sung some songs of sacrifice  
I've even sung a few that offered good advice.  
I've covered all emotions there's no doubt.  
Like a fine romance, learn to croon  
Sing you sinners, and love in bloom.  
Nothing that I haven't sung about.

There's many a chorus  
I've sang of Delores.  
Remember Marquita, and sweet Riorita?  
There's Mary and Sally, and Rose Mexicali.  
From Emiline to Clementine  
They all got equal time.

Yes, musically I've been around  
I've covered almost every town  
I've always been a vocal gadabout.  
From the Swanee River, to Galway Bay,  
Atchison Topeka and the Santa Fe  
There's nothing that I haven't sung about.

I found a million dollar baby in a ten cent store  
A pockeful of dreams and plenty more  
Since anything goes I pick Sweet Sue  
Spose that's the natural thing to do.

We began the beguine and I could feel it start  
I said please be careful that's my heart!  
In the cool of the evening 'neath the autumn leaves  
We call for music, maestro please!

There's a great temptation as we cuddle near  
And I whispered I surrender dear.  
The bells of St Mary's rang in the steeple  
For all the dear friends and gentle kind of people.

I said babe I got you under my skin  
It had to be you 'cause love walked in.  
From here on in you'll be going my way  
Til the blue of the night meets the gold of the day.

I've sung about Dolly, my Rosie of Tralee  
I've sung of Chicago, and that song from Zhivago.  
The old Mississippi and Tintipitipi.  
The winter, summer, spring and fall  
I've covered one and all  
And I love 'em one and all!

I've tried to sing these modern songs  
I just can't figure where that style belongs

The mad rock, acid rock, country, western, soul.  
But when I try to sing 'em I ain't nowhere  
I ain't got the clothes and I ain't got the hair  
But I'll keep tryin' til there is no doubt  
There ain't nothing, really nothing,  
That I haven't sung about!